

## The Work and the Reward.

BY EDWARD MOSS.

O Lord, our loving Savior,  
We love thy great command,  
To go and preach thy gospel  
To every heathen land.  
So we shall have the presence  
To guide us in the right,  
To strengthen us for duty,  
And lead us day and night.  
Go with us to the heathen,  
To draw them to thy light,  
To teach them in thy promise,  
And also in thy might;  
To tell them of thy riches,  
And of thy wondrous love  
That brought thee from the mansions  
Of Father's house above.  
Since thou didst leave thy glory  
To lift a fallen race—  
The glory of the Father  
To save us by thy grace.  
We ask for hearts to love thee,  
And hands to do thy will,  
That as the judgment cometh,  
Thy word we may fulfill.  
Oh, give us Lord, the blessing  
Which purity adorns,  
And grace to share thy mercy,  
Or wear the crown of thorns;  
That we may meekly follow  
The path our Savior trod,  
That leads from earth to heaven,  
From Satan unto God.  
We ask thee still to lead us  
As in the days of old,  
When thou didst lead thy people,  
As Shepherd to thy fold.  
Yes, lead us by thy spirit,  
With banners wide unfurled,  
From conquest unto conquest,  
Till thou hast gained the world.  
Oh, give the needed courage,  
To labor in thy name,  
To gather in thy harvest,  
And spread abroad thy fame;  
To go to all the highways,  
And into every field,  
To call the erring wand'ers  
Unto thy claims to yield.  
Come all ye idle waiters—  
The hungry and athirst;  
Your wages shall be given  
From last until the first.  
And do not be discouraged,  
The time will not be long;  
A little while the contest,  
And then the victor's song.  
Help us to work in earnest,  
In faith to struggle on,  
And in each earthly conflict  
To fight for thee alone.  
Pour down on us thy spirit,  
And guide our steps aright,  
That we may toil in wisdom  
And follow in thy light.  
When thou shalt call thy stewards  
And ask how much they owe  
To thee, the Lord and Master,  
And what we have to show,  
We'll point to thee, our Savior  
And trust to thine own grace,  
And give thee all the glory  
The honor and the praise.

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## Faith.

Faith is the true prophet of the soul, and ever beholds a spiritual life, spiritual relations, labors and joys. Its office is to teach man that he is a spiritual being, that he has an inward life enshrined in this material encasement—an immortal gem set now in an earthly casket. It assures man that he lives not for this life alone, but for another superior to this, more glorious and real. It teaches that God is a spirit, and seeks to worship him as such. It dignifies humanity with immortality. It dwells ever upon an unseen world, announcing always that unseen realities are eternal.

A living, active faith is not only a necessity, if we would reap great good, but it is so founded on the nature of things, that it is natural for men to have a faith in the promises of others. It is only from experience that the little child learns to distrust others. Then, there is the faith in one's own powers. This is as necessary a form of faith as

any, and where not allowed to degenerate into egotism, is a most beneficent form of faith. Its true foundation is the same as any faith: that is, reliance on God's promises. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." Hence, relying on this, and putting forth the necessary exertions, why not confidently expect a fulfillment of the promise?

This is the germ of all true self-reliance. A true faith we can somehow reach all through life, and it will bring to the soul a rich meal of consolation, even in the shades of life. We can cherish a sure hope about our future and the future of those that belong to us—a sunny, eager onlooking toward the fulfillment of all the promises God has written on our nature. We should have faith in the ultimate triumph of the good and true. It is quite the fashion of the times to lament over the degeneracy of the present and to think of the palmy day long since past. We have indeed read history to but little account. Do we not realize that the world is growing better, and feel confident of the ultimate triumph of the forces of good?

Life grows darker as we go on, till one pure light is left shining on it, and that is faith. Old age, like solitude and sorrow, has its revelations. It is then we perceive the hollowness and emptiness of many of the bubbles we have been pursuing. Fortunate is he who in that hour can rest on the promise of God with a steadfast faith. When in your last hour all faculty in your broken spirit shall fade away and sink into inanity—imagination, thought, effort, enjoyment, all fade away—then will the flower of belief, which blossoms even in the night, remain to refresh you with its fragrance in the last darkness.

Morality as a guiding light to man, sometimes conduces to noble ends. It is sometimes so resplendent as to make a man walk through life amid glory and acclamation; but it is apt to burn very dimly and low when carried into the "valley of the shadow of death." But faith is like the evening star shining into our souls, the more gloomy is the night of death into which they sink. Surrounded by friends and the comforts of life, morality appears sufficient; but when the storms of life blow upon us, then we see how necessary to us is a faith in God's word and his promises. Its light only is capable of dispelling the gloom of our surroundings. Never yet did there exist a full faith which did not expand the intellect while it purified the heart, which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions.

Faith often builds in the dungeon and leprosy-house its sublimest shrine, and up through roofs of stone, that shut out the eye of heaven, ascends the ladder of prayer, where angels glide to and fro. Faith is the key that unlocks the cabinet of God's treasures, the messenger from the celestial world to bring all the supplies that we need. It converses with angels and antedates the hymns of glory. To every man this grace is certain that there are public savings banks and poor funds, out of which in times of need we can relieve the necessities of individuals; so here the faithful take their coin in peace.

A Christian builds his fortitude on a better foundation than stoicism. He is pleased with everything that happens because he knows it could not have happened unless it first pleased God, and that which pleases him must be the best. He is assured that no new thing can befall him, and that he is in the hands of a Father who will prove him with no affliction that resignation cannot conquer or that death cannot cure. In the darkest night faith sees a star, in the times of greatest need finds a helping hand, and in the times of sorest trouble hears a sympathizing voice. Judge not a man by his outward manifestation of faith, for some there are who tremblingly reach out, shaking hands to the guidance of faith; others who stoutly venture in the dark their human confidence, the leader which they mistake for faith; some whose hope totters upon crutches; others who stalk into futurity upon stilts. Faith is not an exotic that grows in but one clime. The snows of an eternal Winter can not quench its fire, neither can the glow of a tropical sun destroy its life and freshness. In the palace of the king or the hut of the

peasant, in the homes of the rich or the cabins of the poor it emits its fragrance with equal powers to please. It is as necessary to the learned as to the ignorant, and comforts alike the declining years of the sage and him who never knew the value of education. As the flower is before the fruit, so is faith before good works. He who has strong faith will show his faith by his works. If he has faith in himself, he shows it by ambitious plans, resolves and endeavors. A true faith is necessary to enable us to make the most of life and its possibilities. We need a faith in our fellowmen. In all the ordinary business transactions we must exercise this virtue or accomplish nothing. Did you ever reflect what this world would be were all faith destroyed? Faith and confidence are synonymous terms. What a wilderness would this be were the confidence which exists between husband and wife destroyed, or did not mutual confidence exist between the members of the same family circle! Home would cease to be a home. Family ties would prove to be bonds of straw; communities could not be held together; the vast fabric of society would dissolve, and smiling countries would once more be the abode of savages.

Too great a confidence bespeaks a trusting simplicity suited only for childish years. But an utterly incredulous nature, refusing to believe unless supported by the evidence of his own senses, as certainly portrays the selfish, narrow and bigoted nature as that field of waving grain are proof positive of fertile soil, the shining sun and the early and later rain.

Dear brethren and sisters, let us be faithful unto the end and we shall have a happy home in heaven.

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## The Friendship of Jesus.

BY LAURA E. N. GROSSNICKLE.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Closer than was knit the soul of Jonathan with the soul of David is the bond of union between Christ and his faithful followers. Stronger than life, stronger than death, untainted by human caprice, unalloyed and undimmed by time's rapid flight, untouched by earth's toil and soil and stain, perfect and true, and pure, is the friendship of Jesus, the world's best friend. All-unchanging, all-abiding, all-enduring, all-self-sacrificing, and all-unselfish, it is freely offered to all who accept Him, without money and without price.

Rich and poor, high and low, learned and ignorant may alike share this guileless, stainless friendship which shall endure "even unto the end of the world." To the precious promise "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee" the yearning heart hunger of humanity has turned again and again, and the assurance and realization that "my grace is sufficient for thee" has been "balm of Gilead," sweet healing incense to many a troubled, sorrow-bowed heart, lifting it into realms of peace and joy and love.

The friendship of Jesus is eternal, soul-elevating, and soul-satisfying. The soul of man reaches out with an aching, yearning, longing desire for friendship eternal and satisfying, but not until our human love has gone out to meet the divine, our human hearts have thrown off their dross and been assimilated with the divine, our human natures have been purified and we have risen out of and above our human appetites, passions and desires into realms of purity, truth, goodness and love, shall the gracious loving arms of Christ be folded round and about us never to unloose their hold, and not till then shall we "awake in his likeness and be satisfied."

Rising on "stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things" we stand on Pisgah's height with "purer air and on broader view," and turning from the world beneath and behind us with its cares and burdens and fretting, the spirit, with its discerning power of faith, and hope, and purified vision, catches a glimpse of the Beulah land with its ineffable glory, its radiant beauty, its perfect peace. With the everlasting arms around us, hope whispers of the time when we shall no longer stand on earth bound heights and view the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," but having crossed the rolling stream, shall understand the mysteries of the other side, shall sing the new song with the angels, and dwell evermore with the King in his beauty.

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